

COLWYN
PHILIPPS

1915



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COLWYN PHILIPPS

1915

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Emory Walker D.R. &

Colwyn Phillips.

August 1914: aged 25

From a painting by Frank O. Salisbury

COLWYN ERASMUS ARNOLD PHILIPPS

CAPTAIN, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS

Elder Son of John Wynford Philipps
1st Baron St. Davids and 13th Baronet of Picton
and Leonora his Wife

BORN DECEMBER 11, 1888

KILLED IN ACTION NEAR YPRES, MAY 13, 1915

' A very gallant gentleman has passed away '

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & CO.
15 WATERLOO PLACE
1915

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INTRODUCTION

THERE may be differences of opinion as to the literary merits of these little verses: there can be none as to their sincerity. They contain the expression, not by any means complete, of a simple, affectionate and fearless character.

The author's passionate love of his Welsh home, which appears in some of the poems, is perhaps best exemplified by an extract from one of his letters written in 1912:—

'I am longing to get back to Lydstep again more than I can say. I have not been so homesick for years, not since Lockers Park. I believe I love my home better year by year.

God gave all men all earth to love,

But, since our hearts are small,

He has ordained one place should prove

Belovèd over all.

The lot has fallen to me

At a fair place, at a fair place,

At Lydstep by the sea.'

His feeling for his mother, expressed in the opening poem, was never more straitly laid down than in the last letter he wrote to her before her death on March 30, 1915 :—

‘ This is not a letter, it’s a testimonial. I give you a character of twenty-six years. You have never advised me to do anything because it seemed wise unless it was the highest right. Single-minded you have chosen love and honour as the “ things that are more excellent ” and you have not failed. . . . You are to me the dearest friend, the perfect companion, the shining example, and the proof that honour and love are above all things and are possible of attainment.’

A born soldier, from the moment he decided whilst still at Eton to make the army his profession he was keen to do his work well and master every branch of it. Never having known fear, when the call for action came, the path was easy for him.

As a sportsman he had a real love and knowledge of animals, especially horses and dogs, and was a daring and fearless rider. Indeed, it has been said of him that he counted a day lost on which he had not risked his life. ‘ Brave Men ’ and ‘ Racing Rhymes ’ are very typical of the life he loved to lead.

His devotion to children—and he was never so happy as when surrounded by them and answering

their endless questions—his deep interest in social and political problems, his hatred of shams in social and religious matters, his keen sense of humour and cheery good-fellowship, all find expression in these verses.

His own faults had always been very clearly known to him, and in this knowledge he conquered.

At the very hour of his death life was holding out its fairest gifts, and what he freely sacrificed was not life alone, but the prospect of a happy and a brilliant future.

Nov. 1915.



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- THE HONBLE. COLWYN PHILIPPS, 1914 . *Frontispiece*
From a Painting by Frank Salisbury
- COLWYN ON BUSHEY PATH, 1909 . . *To face page 77*
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry



PART I
VERSES

TO MOTHER

Can I make my feeble art
Show the burning of my heart ?
Five and twenty years of schooling
Since you bore me, weak and puling,
Every day and every hour
I have batted on your power,
 While you taught of life the whole ;
You my Best Beloved and nighest,
You who ever claimed the highest
 Was the one and only goal.
Often weary, often ailing,
Never for a moment failing,
Always cheering, always propping,
Often checking, sometimes stopping,
When the sands of life seemed sliding
You were helping, you were guiding—
 Claimed for me the glorious rôle :
You my loved one and no other,
You my only lovely Mother,
 You the pilot of my soul.

LYDSTEP

I know of a place that is far away,
Where an island stretches across a bay :
On a strip of land betwixt hill and sea
Standeth a house that is dear to me.
A soft rain falleth through half the year
That maketh the sunlight doubly dear.
Crooked and gnarled grow shrub and tree
Leaning away from the breath of the sea.
Serenely changeless sentinels stand
The limestone cliffs upon either hand.
There, there, liveth the Angel of Peace,
And only there may I find release.

THE CLIFFS AT LYDSTEP

The limestone cliffs stand tall and grey
Like a Gothic church on a sunny day,
With flying buttress and stretching steeple,
And carvèd arch that a thought can people
With the monk and mitre and acolyte,
And the sea spray spreads where the incense might,
And the place where the fluttering doves would be
Is held by the great grey gulls of the sea.

THE HEADLAND

Come to where the wind is blowing.
Come to where the tide is flowing.
Where the foam comes down like rain
There's a wind to clear your brain.
See the Point, a steeple stand,
The last outpost of the land,
Dark against the pewter sky,
While the gulls go wheeling by,
Wide of wing and weird of cry,
And the surf is snoring nigh.
Where the Headland meets the sea,
There's the place for you and me.

THE BURROWS AT LYDSTEP

The Burrows begin where the gardens end,
And follow the curve of the bay's big bend.
The burrows are peopled with half shy things
That patter, or flutter on tiny wings.
A rabbit agaze with big brown eyes,
And a flash of white as he turns and flies.
Blackbird and thrush are the choir here
With wonderful voices loud and clear,
Tomtit and chaffinch and tiny wren
Join in the choir and chant Amen.
But the best beloved of these people small
Has never a voice to sing at all ;
A wee water-wagtail balancing
Is a person so lovely he need not sing.
In hidden hollows the bluebells blow,
And on either side does the sand-rose grow ;
The daffodil nods and the primrose peeps,
And the shy wild hyacinth bends and weeps,
And on ridge and hollow and hill, of course,
Gorgeously, gallantly, flames the gorse.
And under the blackthorn forest there
A badger has builded his secret lair,
And high above, mid the great cold rocks,
Is hidden the home of an old grey fox.

And every creature and every bird,
From surly badger to tit absurd,
And every bramble and blackthorn tree—
One and all are beloved by me.

TWO HOUSES

Exning stands mid greenery,
On every side is far-flung lawn
Swelling and sloping and closely shorn ;
But Lydstep standeth beside the sea.
Exning alters in a way,
For when the summer cometh there
The roses bloom with a fragrance rare ;
But the ocean changeth every day.
Exning's sky is blue above,
The western skies are pearly grey.
Exning is all that is bright and gay,
Lydstep alone is the place I love.

LET'S UP AND OUT

Down with dogma, down with doubting,
Down with scientific reason :
Now's the time for up and outing,
Let's be joyful for a season.

The philosophers and sages—
Leave them lying in the case,
Let's forget the weighty pages,
Let us out and have a race.

Let us thank whoever made them
For the muscles of the horse :
Let us thank whoever gave them
For the blossoms on the gorse.

THE GALE

The hurricane yells and roars
And stills to an angry whine,
While the breakers crash applause
And tingle your cheeks with brine.
Come out: it will cleanse your soul,
You'll feel you are small and mean
But part of a glorious whole.
Come out: it will wash you clean.
Away from your fireside warm!
On the wet and wind-swept sod
You'll know that you and the storm
Are sons of the selfsame God.

THE SEAGULL

What is that that you can hear
Dreadfully sad, and very near,
Weeping almost in your ear
 When the sky is dull ?
One high note and very brief,
Sobbing with a hopeless grief,
 'Tis a common gull.

DAWN

There comes a sudden whisper in the trees,
A scarce-felt warming in the chillsome breeze.
The soundless owl sweeps from nocturnal prey
Before the first faint footfall of the day.
Beneath each pebble, kissing soft adieu,
Into its resting-place doth sink the dew.
Orion's Belt, the Bear, the Sisters Seven,
Reluctantly creep deeper into heaven.
Sweetly upon some pear-tree far away
A blackbird songfully salutes the day :
The thrush, the chaffinch, robin, one by one
Take up the greeting to the morning sun,
Till from each bush and every branch is hurled
A hymn of gladness to the waking world.
The premier sunbeam lighteth for an hour
The fallen jewels of the night queen's dower,
And the last dewdrops gleaming on the lawn
Scarcely survive to see the day new born.

NIGHTFALL

All the world is very still,
Sinks the doleful deep to rest,
Dark's the dropping billow's crest :
 Shadows gather 'neath the hill :
 Brambled hollows slowly fill.

Now the rabbits leave their home,
Stealthily the shades are creeping
Where the morning birds are sleeping,
 Elfin shapes do shyly roam,
 Phosphorescence lights the foam.

Still the cliff's majestic head
Dark against a lemon sky.
Sudden whistling soundeth nigh—
 Through the twilight something fled—
 Wood-pigeons return to bed.

Comes a sudden piteous cry,
As the lighthouse flashes bright
Earliest signal of the night,
 One last gull goes wheeling by
 Weeping that the day should die.

A DIRGE

Why do you tell me not to cry ?

For he is dead, for he is dead.

Never again he'll leave his bed.

Oh, if 'twere only I instead—

Surely he was too young to die.

What is't you say in comfort ? only—

'What is gone we cannot keep,

It is selfishness to weep,

He is happy in his sleep.'

I just cry because I'm lonely.

Aching with horrible loneliness I,

With nothing to hope, nothing to pray,

Just go on in the common way,

Utterly empty day by day,

And not one hour to forget till I die.

Why do you tell me not to cry ?

‘ EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN...’

With iron will but ever ebbing force
He held him dumb and desperate to the course,
And when Death came upon him, broken-hearted
He’d almost reached the place . . . from which he
started.

DO-YOU-REMEMBER LAND

You do not take a ticket, you need not pay a fare,
You only want a trusty friend and he will take you
there,
The land that knows no weeping, the land where
all are young,
The land of loves and laughter, where all the songs
are sung.
Where every small occurrence becomes an adventure
gay,
The land where all may wander, the place where
none can stay,
Where sorrow's edge is softened and joys are doubly
grand,
For cruel things have lost their stings in Do-You-
Remember Land.

FAIRY SONG

Quickly and quietly follow me, follow,
Swarm up a sunbeam, ride on a swallow :
Tripping on tiptoe, carefully creeping,
So will we capture a rainbow sleeping :
Prison it safe in a droplet of dew,
Polish it up till it glistens anew.
What are we playing at ? Why, our trade !
This is the way that a diamond's made.

SMILE

If you go smiling down the street,
You'll see upon each face you meet
There'll flash an answering smile.

It seems a thing so very small,
It's scarce worth while to do at all,
But yet it *is* worth while.

For just that smile may cheer a heart
To turn and make another start
Upon an uphill mile.

A WARNING

Yes, all of you mean to be happy
Some day in the sweet by-and-by,
Meanwhile you are flurried and snappy ;
But a blue moon may shine in the sky.

But please can you tell me the reason
Why you shouldn't be happy to-day ?
Why keep to some ultimate season
The joy you can have all the way ?

Now you, Sir, go on in your sorrow,
And in my enjoyment go I :
You'll have your reward, Sir, to-morrow,
When there is a blue moon in the sky.

WHITHER?

There's a quick discharge, some pellets sped ;
And I pick you up—just a rabbit dead—
But a minute ago, with frisk and flout,
You nibbled the grasses and hopped about.
You were so fluffy and warm and shy,
How should you dream you had to die ?
And now you feel less than a block of wood :
You are simply sevenpence worth of food,
To be masticated by human jaws.
What has become of that life of yours ?
Vanished away like a puff of smoke !—
I'll leave the riddle to wiser folk.

‘ ONLY REPENT . . . ’

Only Repent, and you shall be
 Cleansed from all sin, for ever free.
 Only seek the lowest dell,
 Just plunge beneath the boiling swell
 Only visit the seventh Hell.

Only Repent ! This is the word
 Preached by the pastor of the Lord.
 Repentance is the sharpest shaft,
 Repentance is the bitt’rest draught,
 Surely who said the ‘ Only ’ laughed.

Repentance is the white-hot brand
 Most awful weapon in God’s hand.
 Repentance is the feeling true
 That bids you turn and fight anew,
 Loathing the being that is you.

Then tremble at the word of fear,
 And do not bring your ‘ Onlys’ here.

HALF TIME

Turn a moment from your toil,
Warrior cease your fight awhile,
Look upon the heap of spoil.
Are those things so greatly blessed
That you ever upward pile ?
Always onward you have pressed,
But you soon must seek your rest.
Are these things worth while ?

ATTAINMENT

When you have grasped the highest rung,
When the last hymn of praise is sung,
When all around you thousands bow,
When Fame with laurel binds your brow,
When you have reached the utmost goal
That you have set your hurrying soul
To reach, and found that it is dim ;
When you have gratified each whim,
When naught is left you to desire,
You of the whole round world shall tire :
Then you shall see the whole thing small
Beside the one gift worth it all.
The one good thing from pole to pole
Is called Simplicity of Soul.

THE BARRIER

A wall and gulf for ever lie between,
Not all that we may do through love or wit
Can quite avail to pull away the screen,
Nor yet succeed in bridging o'er the pit.
He knows the reason, He that ordered it,
Who bade us love but never understand.
He fixed the barrier as He saw fit,
And bade us yearn and still stretch forth the hand
Across the very sea He'd said should ne'er be
spanned.

But sure this great and aching love of mine,
That ever yearns to know and to be known,
Can tear the veil that sometimes seems so fine
As though 'twere cobweb waiting but the blow
To fall asunder and for ever go.
E'en as I rise to strike, it is too late,
The cobwebs billow, thicken, seem to grow
To a thick wall with buttress tall and great. . . .
I stand alone, a stranger at a city gate.

TO R. K.

What you've been you'll never know,
What a help upon my way,
In each turn of weal and woe,
Every hour of every day.

What a host of friends you've given
Me, more real than those down here,
Friends for whom I've often striven
To be worthy to be near :

Friends who're simply chums for laughing,
Others, gold without alloy :
Some too deep for idle chaffing,
Dicky and the Brushwood Boy.

How I've laughed with Kim and Stalky
Ever since I was a stripling,
And McTurk, the dark and gawky,
O beloved Rudyard Kipling !

A FRIEND

I've heard it said the perfect friend
Is he who knows your inmost heart,
From whom you've nothing to defend,
No shameful corner held apart.

But no, this friend is not the best—
Nay, do I fill you with surprise?
He is unworthy, for the rest
He is a man that you despise.

Your truest friend is he to whom
Only your higher side you show,
And blush because of the dark room
Within you where he may not go.

TRY AGAIN

When you feel your soul depressed,
When you've done your level best,
When you think you've earned your rest,
That's the time to try again.

When your force you would dismember,
Ere the coming of December,
That's the moment to remember
No one ever fought in vain.

Cowardice shall curse the flying,
Virtue doth not lie in dying,
But in quiet steady trying :
Leave the final issue over.

You must hold your own position,
Crushing down the opposition,
And can leave the fight's fruition
To your General Jehovah.

TO A YOUNG ENQUIRER

When you find your whole life shattered
 'Neath the whelming waves of doubt,
When your faith is torn and spattered
 And your dogmas are in rout,
Cling not to the faith of ages,
 Though your very soul be torn,
You can see in history's pages
 In soul's travail Truth is born.

FINALITY

You would unmake the thing that you have wrought,
You did not understand, you had no thought,
But you in truth have youth—go strive again,
With cleaner page, so cover o'er the stain,
But never catch the hour that is gone.

Letters of adamant shall dim and pass
As also will the long-enduring brass,
Not all the fears, or tears that may be shed
By multitudes to come or millions dead,
Can e'er efface a deed that has been done.

Since life began no deed or thought or word,
Howe'er it seemed unknown, unguessed, unheard,
However light and slight to human seeming,
But has a consequence beyond our dreaming—
In all the world there's nothing stands alone.

AN ALLEGORY

I heard a sound of running feet,
And all along the dusty street
A multitude came sweeping by.
On every shoulder was a load,
Each drove his neighbour with a goad.
I saw one stop, and heard him cry—
'Why drive ye in this dreadful race,
Why urge ye such an awful pace,
What treasure do ye look to find?'
They turned upon him in amaze
And gaped at him with owlish gaze.
And suddenly I saw them—blind!
'Where to? We neither know nor care,
But hurry, hurry onward there.'—
The multitude was called Mankind.

THE SLUG

He is a slug in soul and mind,
That crossing some fair rose
A greasy trail has left behind
Pointing the way it goes.
Thus, if to meet the man you need,
Just track the slimy trail
Of horrid thought and dirty deed,
And find him without fail.
But if you do not like his strain,
Look upward to the sky,
And thank the law that doth ordain
That slugs should never fly.

AN OUTSIDER

You judge him that he does not play
The social game in just the way
That you have learned with toil and care.
He falls into each careful snare ;
He lacks repose ; he has no style ;
He loudly laughs where you would smile.
But though I grant you, if you please,
A certain lack of social ease,
He's helped men live and helped them die
While you have learnt to fold a tie.

TO BE ALONE.

I

Have you not ever longed to be alone,
To fling away the foil and drop the mask,
In solitude to make a lonely moan,
To quarrel with your fate-appointed task?
Have you not ever longed for some far land
Where you would find a little secret dell,
Hidden from those who do not understand,
Hidden from those who understand too well,
To cheat yourself that peace might still be found
In quiet moments, even in some hole,
Like a rare nugget buried in the ground?—
There is no peace for the unpeaceful soul.

TO BE ALONE

II

To be alone ! How many a careless soul
 Has prayed at certain times to be alone,
 Has sought for solitude as for a goal
 Where hidden mysteries waited to be known !
 How many a toiler in a city mewed
 Has felt his life a cramped and crowded thing,
 And greatly longed for soundless solitude !
 How many a crowned king,
 Weary of polished phrase and easy lauds,
 And sound of cheering from the crowded street
 That nothing knows the creature it applauds,
 Has dreamed that loneliness had been most sweet !

To be alone ? Ask of yon grey-faced man,
 Wifeless and friendless, bent as in a bow,
 Whose life has narrowed to a grey-hued span.
 Ere ye seek loneliness seek them that know
 The joy it is to have no single friend
 Who smiles to see us come, or when we go
 Is sorrowful : who never needs to lend
 A hand some other craft than his to row.
 Who'er may be your God, what'er your deed,
 Pray that by you this thing may ne'er be known .
 Pray that where'er in life your steps shall lead
 You may not have to live—or die—alone.

RACING RHYMES

Have you felt the joy that is almost fear
As you face the ditch and are two lengths clear,
And you hear the thunder of hoofs in rear?
There is just a second when you may see
Clear out what the consequence will be—
If you go too close or take off too far
Comes a rending crash and a sickening jar,
A futile arm that you raise to defend,
And the battering hoofs that bring the end.

You are stride for stride, and you set your lip
As you urge with your heel and raise your whip,
And the moment he feels the whipcord sting
He leaps from the track with a gorgeous spring.
You hear the crash as the stout birch sunders,
And gain a length as your rival blunders.

BRAVE MEN

When the hedge is black and the ditch is wide
And the Lord knows what's on the other side,
When the boldest thrusters have checked their stride,
Here's health to the man who will ride, will ride!

When you hear the roar as you near the stands
And the beat horse hangs on your urging hands,
When he cannot answer the spur's commands,
When he pecks and blunders each time he lands—
Here's luck to the lad that will urge him still
To the final fence with an iron will!
His name, I say, is a brave man's name,
Who will risk his neck in the glorious game.

When the ring is cleared for the final round,
When your head is filled with a roaring sound,
And the four-ounce gloves weigh a score of pound—
Here's to the lad who as long as he can
Will swallow his gruel and face his man!

But when after dinner the smoke curls blue,
And the little story that isn't true
Is told of a man that is known to you,
'Tis then you will find there are few—how few!—
In coldest blood who will up and dare
To speak for the man who is not there.

THE SWORD

Though lucky as we count fortune, in beauty and
health and gear,

He had turned from life's grim battle with every
sign of fear.

A Presence met him fleeing, and stayed him with a
word :—

‘ You shall return and conquer when you have found
your sword.

When each man's hand is against you I bid you
search the more ;

Though earth and sky should thwart you, remember
the quest is sure.’

Then a score of years he wandered the wide earth
to and fro,

He learned that the price of pleasure is often
another's woe.

In the valley of hatred, where the air is ahum with
lies,

He learned the value of kindness, which same is a
special prize.

And much he learned on the Mountain, and much on
the Lonely Moor,

Where the rooks don't flock together, but sit by
themselves and caw.

He studied the hope of the future, he read the hope
of the past,

Till he reached an Ultimate Reason, and came to the
Law at last.

His health and his beauty faded, his back was scored
by the rod,

But he saw a destination and knew the road he
trod.

He suddenly saw a glimmer and perceived the little
worth

Of all that men hold treasure on this awful joyful
earth.

Once more the angel met him, and commanded :—
‘ Return again,

You will find the foe has weakened and half of his
chiefs are slain.

Turn your face to the battle, and into the thickest
go,

Armed with the sword I give you—the power of
saying “ No.” ’

‘ THE JACOBITE POST ’

[The early days of the Georges were troubled by continual plots and revolutions on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. The adherents of the Stuarts were called Jacobites, and in spite of every effort of the Government these Jacobites kept in constant communication with each other by means of secret messengers, who were often known by the authorities, but were so bold and clever that they escaped arrest. The most famous of them was Mr. Birkenhead ; he carried the letters from the court of the exile at St. Germain's to the Jacobites in London, with such success that he earned the name of ‘ The Jacobite Post.’]

Who is it rides at dead of night ?
 The moor is dark, the road is white.
 ’Tis Birkenhead, the Jacobite,
 Bears letters for an exiled king.
 ‘ Boot and saddle,’ the trumpets ring,
 ‘ Guard turn out,’ in the dim moonlight,
 The oft-chased quarry is in sight.
 Into the saddle troopers fling ;
 Should he be captured alive or dead,
 There’s a thousand pound upon his head—
 But useless the trooper’s utmost pace,
 Lost before ever it start, the race,
 There’s never a horse on corn that fed
 Can catch the brown mare of Birkenhead,
 She distances all with easy grace.—
 Know you a certain sheltered place
 Where ’neath the cliff there runs a cove,
 Just such a spot as the smugglers love,
 With the sand beneath and the rocks above ?

Here lies a sloop, 'tis her master's boast
She is the fleetest on all the coast,
Close in to the entrance she is hove,
But to-night she waits no smuggler's trove.
To-night on her deck they drink the toast
Of him who bears the Jacobite post.
Now in the earliest hour of day,
Up with the anchor and away.
Ho ! trim your sheet for the open main,
The Jacobite post is through again—
To-morrow they'll tell a fresh tale in town
Of Birkenhead and his wonderful brown.

AN OLD MAN

[An old man who for years had sold violets on the Pont Neuf, Paris, suddenly climbed over the parapet and flung himself into the river.]

He looked to be dead to hope and fear,
So old, so wrinkled, with eyes so blear,
Through yawning seam and through ragged hole
The keen wind cut to his very soul,
Week after week and year after year,
The beggar that used to sell violets here.
But now we know from his final act
That his body and mind and soul were racked
With the awful pain, with the hopeless woe,
That only the abject failures know.
Was it cruel word or look
That dealt the blow to a mind that shook?
What was the straw that o'ertopped the load?
What was the sting of the final goad?
He who had borne could no longer bear,
Down on the pavement he cast his ware,
Ended his life and, we hope, his pain
In the mothering arms of the kindly Seine.

A PRISONER IN A PALACE

They laid a trap and caught him,
They took him on the wing,
Then to the cage they brought him
And ordered him to sing.
The cage was large and airy,
The sunlight came and went,
And many a canary
Lived there in great content.
Ochre and lemon coated,
Their happy notes would shoot
From songsters golden throated
While only he was mute.
Despite the gilded fairies,
The cage to him was dark,
For they were just canaries
While he was hatched a lark.
The songs that once he sang so
He flew to Heaven to find,
The melody that rang so
Was taught him by the wind.
He sang of cloudy wonders,
Of whispering waves of corn,
A song of suns and thunders,
The fields where he was born.

But after months of hoping
He learned again to sing,
The song of hoping, hoping
For unencumbered wing.
The song of endless longing,
In piteous stops and starts
As memories came thronging,
The song of breaking hearts.
The others thought him chary,
For mocking made a mark,
For never yet canary
Could understand a lark.

.
When Dawn her ray was flinging
One day he did not turn,
But a little soul flew singing
To the place whence none return.

AN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION

It came with my tea in the morning, I found it
beside my bed,
So you ask me to come and see you, you and the
man you have wed.
And you have forgotten wholly the day, not so
long ago,
When you said you loved me solely—though I
should not tell you so.
You've forgotten that day out hunting, the day
that you got the fall,
The mornings we spent in punting, and the night
of the Hunt Week Ball.
But you ask me to come and see you, to stay for
a long week-end—
You refused to have me your lover, you cannot
have me your friend.
The creature once burnt is still shy, so I hope you
will not be enraged
With my note to you in reply : I am now and hence-
forward—engaged.

A LARGE HEART

With childlike gaze and parted lip
Her little hand in mine did slip.
'Be just a little nice to me
Because . . . I like you,' murmured she.
And all that day I trod the road
As slave new lightened of his load.
The world was full of kindly spells,
And fairies pealed on joyful bells,
My foes less harsh, my friends more dear,
From just that whisper in my ear.
That night I hied me to a ball
Where sudden sounds my ears appal—
'Be kind to me, I like you so.'
Her voice! I snatched my hat to go,
But ere the outer door I gain
The selfsame tones I hear again.
'Tis worse and worse, what is't I hear?
'I think you are a perfect dear.'
Sadly a little while I brood,
Then came a calm but chastened mood.
Thankful I am she has so large a heart
That even I may claim a tiny part.

BRED AND BORN

So you see fit to mourn
That she is not well-born ;

Now I should sigh instead
If she were not well-bred.

AN ANSWER

‘ Remember your position,’
Was a thing once said to me.
That is a proposition
That I never yet could see.

Position may be something,
I quite agree, and yet
It seems to me the one thing
To remember to forget !

PRO

The Suffragettes put up your back,
Socialists you can't abide,
And likewise the Insurance Act,
And I don't know what beside.
Money-making in the City
Seems to you both coarse and wrong,
And you think it is a pity .
That I waste my time in song.
All we do before we die, Friend,
Is, at best, so very scanty ;
Don't you think you might try, Friend,
To be Pro—instead of Anti ?

AN APPRECIATION

An absolute silence greeted your birth,
Latest and greatest of children of earth ;
No shouting or routing, no rockets on high,
For you, the long-looked for, the star in the sky.

The masses make much of a Mafeking holiday,
On Ladysmith night all the streets will be dressed,
On the fifth of November they still make a jolly
day,
And you they will greet as a street-corner jest.

You, who are a plank to bridge o'er the disparity,
The deep, yawning gulf 'twixt the rich and the
poor ;
You, that mean health as a right not a charity—
Well, you know stamp-licking is such a bore.

FAITH

A fool once said in patronage bland :

' I only believe what I understand.'

A sage replied, a laugh to breed :

' How wonderfully brief must be your creed !'

The world has smiled at the joke for years,

But was he the fool that he appears ?

You would not invest a hundred pound

Unless you were sure that the thing was sound.

All the world will agree you should

See the conditions are understood.

Yet you take for granted immortal souls

And the conduct of life and its final goals !

Because the Church doth ordain you must,

You accept all these with a perfect trust.

Have you a faith that's beyond compare,—

Or is it simply you do not care ?

THE GIFTS

As in the cradle the baby lay
The fairies gathered round,
And spake of gifts they had come to lay
With bird-like whispering sound.

And indeed they were a goodly crew
In frocks of comets' tails :
Tiaras made of morning dew
And spiders' webs for veils.

The first, she gave the gift of charm
That's felt by all who meet him.
No woman e'er shall do him harm,
And all shall smile who greet him.

On saying this she stepped aside
For autumn's fairy, Fruity,
Who, bending o'er the cradle, cried :
' I give thee sense of Beauty.

' You'll find a mighty treasure this,
And joys will often reach thee :
Joys that the others still will miss,
Because thine eyes shall teach thee.'

The third ordained he should be brave :

And Wisdom made him wise.

The fairy, Truth, then forward came

To cleanse his mouth from lies.

And so they came by one and one

And gave him gifts galore,

Until it seems they all are done—

No, there is still one more.

And she, she gave the best of all,

A joy in every rumour :

A laugh at all things great and small :

She gave a Sense of Humour.

DISILLUSION

Your mouth is like a heady wine,
So moistly red it seems to shine
That passion dries the lips of mine.

Your eyelashes are nature's lace,
Each line is perfect in your face,
Your form is all there is of grace.

They madden me, those wondrous eyes,
That face the world with wide surprise,
So young, so cool, so purely wise.

And yet you have a mind so small,
That you can scarcely soar at all
Above a frock or p'raps a ball.

Your face you from an angel stole,
Who in return has killed your soul.

AFTERWARDS

What boots it now to bandy blame?
The wound is healed that seared like flame.
Reason has room when the blood is cool—
You were a child, and I was a fool.

ON GOING TO SCHOOL

To have a friend whom all men like
Is quite an easy thing to do.

To strike the man whom all dislike
Is easy too.

To follow others where they go,
To smile on whom the others smile,
This will not teach a soul to grow,
It's scarce worth while.

But if you can contrive to find
A virtue that the masses miss,
And so befriend a lonely mind,
There's good in this.

For you 'tis hard to comprehend
The loneliness of lack of love,
The yearning for a single friend
Below, above.

And just that kindness you give
To friends who scarce will even thank,
May help a desperate swimmer live
And struggle to the bank.

A BOY SCOUT

Just a little cleaner, smarter than the rest,
Rather better mannered, rather better dressed ;
Prompt obeying orders, thoughtful all the while,
Not forgetting ever to whistle and to smile :
Kind to every creature, gentle with the old,
Strong against a bully, honourable and bold ;
Bold against the bad things, for the good things
 strong,
There you have a Boy Scout, subject of my song.

Written while camping with the
Lydstep Troop—August 1913.

AN EXAMPLE

So you feel the heavy pressage
And you simply groaning lie,
Nor can harken to the message
That came down from God on high.
Tell me, can't it really reach you
Though the world is dark with sin,
Must you have an insect teach you
How to bear a light within?
I'm the healer then to leech you
If you feel yourself a slow worm.
Come, look up, Sir, I beseech you
Light your lamp and be a glow-worm.

AN ANSWER

That which once I held so dear,
Did most reverence and revere,
 You did prove of common clay.
One I worshipped who is dead,
Placed a halo round his head
 That you laughing took away.
You belittle all the time
Every goal to which I climb,
 Each ideal of my youth.
In my soul now aches a space,
Have you aught therein to place?—
 Calmly came the answer, 'Truth.'

A FACT

Down in a street of white-grey brick,
Where the sun ne'er shines, and the air is thick
With a hundred horrible haunting smells
From gutter and garbage and drinking hells.

Here is the home of the very poor :
Each house is the same as the house next door.
It is there they exist because they must,
Where winter means mud and summer means dust.

Here in a pitiful way they strive
At the awful business of being alive,
Where never there shineth a ray of hope,
And there seldom is seen a bar of soap.

They are fouler than aught the world within :
They are lost to virtue but found to sin.
Think for a moment, I ask your grace :
Babies are born in this awful place.

MY QUEEN OF DREAMS

You are not always in my thoughts,
Although there's somewhere close behind
A sort of background of my mind
Where you resort.

My days are filled with many cares,
And questions that I do not know
I have to answer yes or no
Quite unawares.

But there is just one place it seems,
Where you have undisputed sway ;
Yours is the night, whose e'er the day,
My Queen of dreams.

'TO L. T.'

I will not cavil at the Queen of Night
Who shines on all the world with equal light,
And when a Sunbeam cheers me at my labour
I will not grudge the ray that warms my neighbour.
And yet I sometimes hope the crimson rose,
Whose fragrance all the spreading garden knows,
Somewhere secreteth a still sweeter scent
That to a special friend alone is lent.

TO JUNE

No, I will not write a line
To the glory of July,
Or the suns of August high :
No, nor April's changing mood,
Half a flirt and half a prude,
Now a shower, now a shine.
June's the month of fairest flowers,
June's the time of golden hours,
June's a little friend of mine.

MY IDEAL

I have built me a lofty Ideal
And prostrated myself at its shrine,
Till it seems to be living and real—
The girl who shall some day be mine.

More fair than the fairest of women,
Her mind is a storehouse of grace,
Her soul is as white as washed linen,
And her virtues are writ on her face.

Then explain to me, nobles and simples,
Though for her I've a place set apart,
Why it's always the Dear with the dimples
That I find in the deeps of my heart?

I LOVE

I love thee as I love the holiest things,
Like perfect poetry and angels' wings,
And cleanliness, and sacred motherhood,
And all things simple, sweetly pure, and good.
I love thee as I love a little child,
And calves and kittens, and all things soft and
 mild :
Things that I want to cuddle and to kiss,
And stroke and play with : dear, I love like this.
And best of all, I love thee as a friend,
O fellow seeker of a mutual end !

A LOVER'S REQUEST

When the dawn is in the skies,
When you open first your eyes,
Think of me who love you well.

When the sun is at his height,
In the soft meridian light,
As you flit upon your way
Just one moment of the day,
Think of me who love you well.

When you seek your little bed,
When your evening prayer is said,
Stills the tumult of the day,
Slips the weary world away,
Think of me, my dear, and say,
'He loves me well.'

TO A ROSEBUD

You may not turn the mountain stream,
Or check at all the way it goes.
The princess born will bloom a queen,
So will the Rosebud reign a Rose.

PART II

PROSE FRAGMENTS

NOTES FROM THE FRONT

‘Stop smoking.’ The tall officer in front gave the order curtly, and it was passed softly down the line of dingy, great-coated figures that followed him in single file through the rapidly deepening gloom of the winter’s evening.

A few flakes of snow were falling, to melt at once and add their quota to the sea of mud that made movement of any sort almost impossible. Partly because of the mud, and partly because the German shells were more frequent on the road than elsewhere, the squadron was stumbling up the railway line. Even so, you continually heard, ‘Ware hole,’ and saw the men cautiously skirt the deep pits where crumpled rail and splintered sleeper testified to the power of a ‘Black Maria.’

They turn off where a blackened ruin remains of what was the cottage at the level crossing, and trudge wearily up a village street.

What a village ! About a third of the houses still stand, but doors, floor-boards, and shutters have long vanished : some to be used as stretchers, others to revet the sides of the trenches that are continually crumbling in the rotten, sodden soil.

Every inhabitant has long since fled, and the only sound to be heard is the curious whining scream of the shells that pass continually overhead, and the distant angry chatter of a machine-gun.

A squadron! The word calls up a vision of straining horses and glinting blades, a merry sound of hoofs and jingling accoutrements. How different is this reality! These men are old campaigners. Spurs and swords have long been discarded. Each man carries a rifle and bayonet, a couple of extra belts of ammunition are slung about him, and most of them shoulder a pick or spade. 'The dug-out must be just here. I will go on: you stop here. Don't let the men talk, and lie down if you are shot at.' The squadron halts while the tall officer goes forward alone. At a ruined cottage he stops, and turning into the garden he seems to vanish. He has descended into the dug-out—a small, dark chamber hollowed out of the ground. In one corner the officer commanding the trenches is bent over a map, and whispers now and then to his neighbour, who has a telephone at his elbow.

The doctor has snatched a moment's rest, and is smoking and chatting to an A.D.C., who looks up as the tall officer enters. 'B Squadron of the Blues? Right, here is your guide. I'm afraid you will find the trenches a bit damp, but they haven't shelled them much to-day. You will want

to keep your heads down though: they are sniping pretty hard. Good night, and good luck.'

The guide, a subaltern of the squadron about to be relieved, and the tall officer return to the waiting squadron together. The word is given, and in utter silence the men move forward. They turn off the road, stumble over a wire fence, and across a turnip field, and halt. A figure rises from the ground at their feet. 'B Squadron Blues?' he queries in a whisper. 'Careful, the German trenches are about eighty yards away. How many men have you?—a hundred: all right, three in there.' As he speaks, three filthy, cramped, and frozen men crawl stiffly from the trench that you can now dimly discern at your feet, and three of the new arrivals take their place. 'Four in there—three in there,' and so on down the line. Suddenly the maxim chatters, and a burst of rifle-fire shows that the Germans have heard something. Every man lies flat on his face, and listens to the vicious 'whiss, whiss' of the bullets overhead. In a minute the firing dies down, and the relieving proceeds quickly and quietly.

The officer handing over has some whispered advice to give: 'They snipe from those ruined farms on the right. Don't dig out the left end of the trench: they dropped a shell there and killed two men: there was not enough of them to carry away,

so we just filled in the trench on top of them—poor chaps. The French are on your right : the Gloucesters on your left have two machine-guns in their trench. Well, so long.'

He follows his retreating men, and the new arrivals settle themselves into what is to be their home for the next forty-eight hours.

THE SNIPER

He took two staggering steps and collapsed in the bottom of the trench.

No need to turn him over—the German sniper hidden somewhere amongst the ruined cottages a hundred yards in front of us made no mistakes, and this was the fourth man that day who had incautiously raised his head above the parapet, and paid with his life for his want of caution.

‘It’s about time we stopped that chap’s little game,’ said the Subaltern. ‘Will you lay for him, Jones? You are the dead-eye, aren’t you?’

‘Rather, sir, I’ll get him.’ The voice came from a muddy greatcoat huddled shivering in the bottom of the trench.

‘Right ’o, think out a scheme and let me know.’ The Subaltern passed on down the trench, fumbling for his iodine phial that was badly needed to dress a shattered hand against the deadly lock-jaw with which the highly manured soil of Belgium was rife.

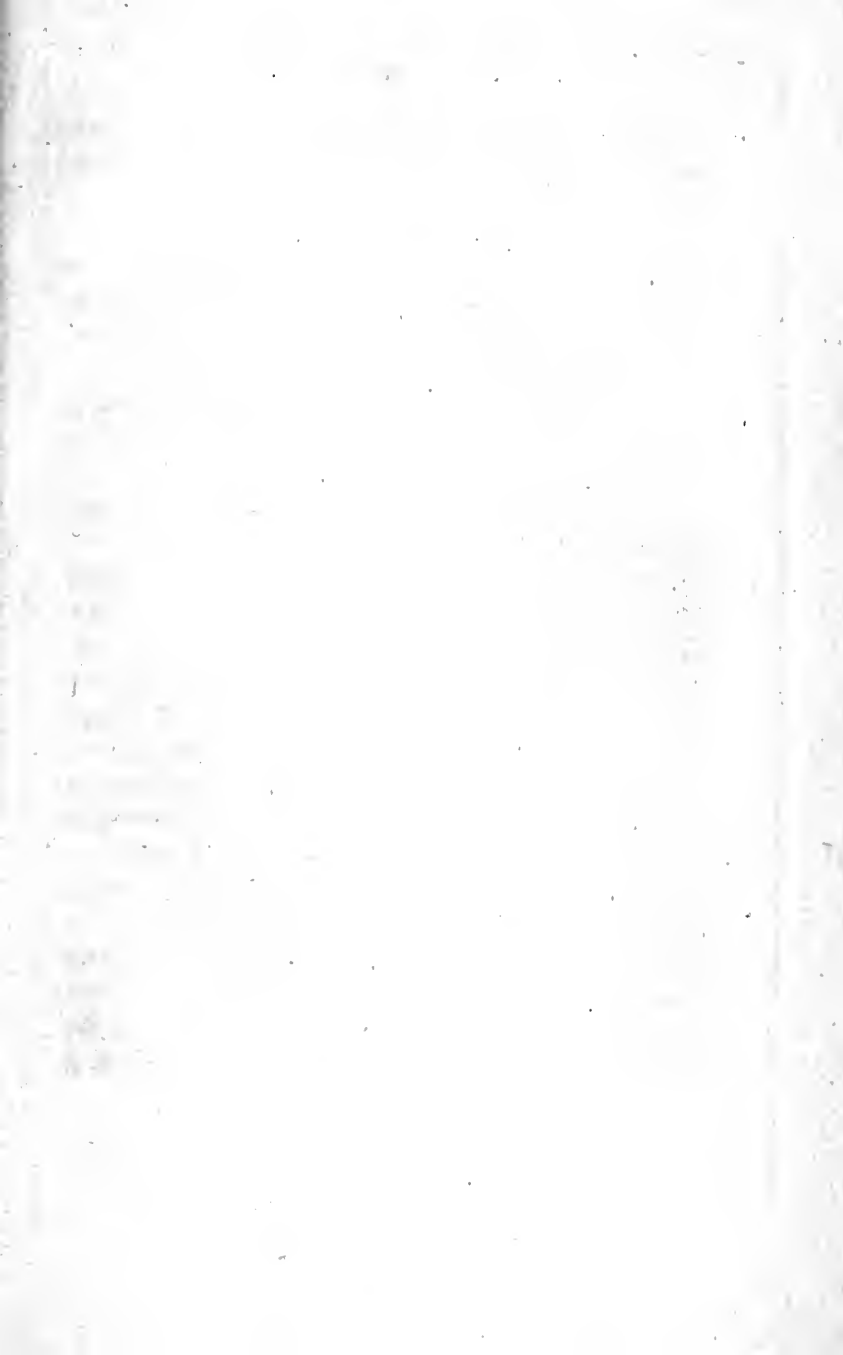
Jones sat and pondered. On the Subaltern’s return he was ready.—‘No, sir, I won’t lie out in front of the trench; for why? If I don’t bag him first plug he’ll say to hisself, “There’s a cove out sniping me,” and he’ll search every bit o’ ground in front o’ the

trenches with them glasses of his, and very like he'll nap me ; also there's always the chance our own boys will plug me when I'm coming home again.

' Now my scheme is, I'll get behind the trench, and if some of our chaps stick their caps up he'll as like as not have a go at them and I'll have a chance to spot him, and he ain't so likely to look for me behind the trench.'

' Yes, that sounds pretty good ; get out well before it's light. Got your entrenching tool ? That's right.'

The dusk was gathering—Jones pulled back the oily sock that protected the rifle bolt, ejected the cartridges, carefully wiped them and tested the pull before replacing them in the magazine, then curled down in the slush for a few hours' sleep. At 4 A.M. he was on his feet. ' So long, pard, stick your cap up when the light comes, but not so blooming high as he can see the stick underneath, nor don't leave it up an hour neither or he'll twig it, just keep it bobbing up and down natural like.' ' Bet you my rum ration you don't get him.' And with no further word two men who loved each other parted, the one to go on the most hazardous enterprise in all the hazardous game of war, the other to remain waiting with straining nerve and thumping heart until his friend should return—or not return. We are not a gushing crowd. Jones knew he had a





Bluett & Fry, photographers

Emery Walker 2h. sc.

Hon. Colwyn Philipps on Bushey Path
1909

couple of hours' darkness, and choosing a fairly dry patch in the turnip field about thirty yards behind the trench, he began to dig.

When he had a burrow about two feet deep and five long, he seemed satisfied.

Most of the earth he exhumed he had carefully scattered, but a little he left on each side of the hole.

Then he lowered himself into it, and brushed the remaining earth over his back and legs.

Lastly, he dinted himself an elbow rest, and leant his rifle over a turnip ready to his hand, and . . . waited.

Slowly—very slowly—came the dawn. He was almost dozing, in spite of the cold and cramp, when the flat top of a cap raised cautiously above the trench parapet in front recalled him to business.

'Good old Bill!' he muttered, and strained his eyes to watch the ruins gradually taking form in the morning mist.

'Crack!' The invisible German had fired, and a bullet had snicked the edge of the cap.

'Do it again, my beauty, and I'll spot you,' grinned Jones. But the rifle had cracked four times before Jones saw it, a wicked Mauser pointing through the remains of the roof of a ruined cottage—half a tile had been cunningly removed to give it a loophole. 'Now if I aim at the hole I may get him in the head, and again I mayn't; but a foot down

and six inches right should make certain of his bread-basket.' And on this point he aligned his sights and waited calmly. Surely—yes, the Mauser was pointing again. Very carefully he checked his breathing, very gently pressed the trigger. 'Got him.' A Mauser rifle slid slowly down the roof, checked a second at the rain gutter, and fell with a sudden rattle.

' Well, I don't suppose it would be healthy to get back to the trench till dark, but that wins old Bill's rum ration, he won't be half wild.'

And Jones cuddled down to a quiet afternoon's sleep.

A TYPICAL MORNING AT THE CAVALRY SCHOOL

[*Note.*—Each officer is given an unbroken colt. It is his duty to instruct this animal daily, and at the end of the course of nine months, to produce it as a perfectly trained troop horse.]

At seven o'clock of a spring morning I made my way to the young horse stables. Salome greeted me with a whicker of pleasure. I always bring her an apple, not so much from humanitarian motives as from the hope that I may bribe her to be of reasonably good behaviour: this hope has so far been invariably disappointed. The programme is to take Salome into an adjoining field, and by means of a carter's whip and a pair of lunging reins to teach her to trot and canter round me in circles. Off we started to the field, Salome leaning affectionately on my shoulder and blowing into my ear. Then she trod briskly on to my favourite corn. My yell of anguish made her jerk backwards. She sat on her tail and gazed at me in innocent surprise. I actually had to soothe and comfort her as if I was in fault before I could persuade her to accompany me any further. We reached the field without further mishap, and I now had to persuade her to trot round me in a circle. I saw

by the book that I should lead her round, gradually increasing the length of rein until she trotted round while I stood in the centre of the circle. In actual practice, all goes well until I stand still, when Salome at once does the same. I urge her on with voice and gesture: she begins to graze. This is an insult—I flourish the whip at her; with a snort of pretended terror she starts off as hard as she can go. I follow at a smart run, and finally I am dragged along on my face. Just as I am sure that the rope reins will cut my hands in two, the amazing animal stops, and walks towards me with a look of child-like simplicity in her dark eyes. However, she really seems to have repented of her sins, and she is trotting demurely round me as the Instructor rides up. At sight of him (she sees him about five times a day) she instantly stands on her head. ‘Now, keep the reins taut,’ murmurs the Instructor of Equitation in a tired voice; ‘you should play her as if she were a fish.’ ‘All very fine,’ think I, as I’m jerked off my feet for the second time in ten minutes, ‘but it seems to me that it is I who am the fish which is being played.’ However, the combined efforts of the Instructor and myself succeed in restoring order at last, and wearily I begin again. Salome really has resolved to turn over a new leaf and lead a different life in future. She turns and circles to the right and left with

absolute meekness at the trot and canter : she halts and walks at the word of command. I look about me. Life is not so bad after all. It is a lovely spring morning, a little too early for my taste, it is true, but an hour or two will cure that. The lapwings whistle plaintively about me, and somewhere in the blue above a lark pours forth his soul in song. A distant droning sound as some aeroplane from the Government station at Lark Hill sweeps swiftly through the clouds. What startled her I do not know, but a violent jerk at the reins recalled me from my dreams to see Salome apparently trying to turn a double somersault. In one moment the reins were wrapped round her in seven different places. I stumbled over the whip : an iron-shod hoof missed my nose by the fraction of an inch and sent my cap flying. I abandoned the unequal contest and let go the reins. The last I saw of Salome she was showing a very fine turn of speed, as with streaming mane and feet in the air she headed for home like an arrow. Wearily I wended my way towards breakfast.



PART III

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE FRONT WRITTEN CHIEFLY TO HIS MOTHER

November 1914 to April 1915

November 2, 1914, Havre.

We arrived here on Sunday afternoon and we marched off to the camp four miles behind the town. There were no tents for the officers and the men were fifteen in a tent, so when we got things straight and the rations given out we drew lots, and two officers slept on the ground while we others took a train into the Hôtel Moderne and had a comfortable dinner and bed.

This morning we arranged that three of us should sleep in a French farm next to the camp, and made all arrangements for a long stay, as we were told that we would be kept hanging about for a week at least.

This afternoon F. and I went in a taxi to the Remount Depot to try and raise horses. We were simply laughed at and told they had not one horse for an officer, let alone troop horses. However, we have twenty troop horses in camp. This is great luck, as I have just been ordered to go to the front to-morrow morning. I had already looked over the horses luckily, and made a note of the best looking ; as half are unsound there is not much choice.

I am taking one called 'Cigar' for myself, a long-tailed brown that looks a hardy sort, and a fat cob rather like 'Little Mystery' for pack horse,

and have made a note of a weak-loined bay and an ugly-headed chestnut that I shall probably pick for Lacey and my cheery little Irish groom Donelly.

I am extremely fit and well and absolutely delighted to be off. I and my retainers are off alone. I have no idea where to, but as we take four days' rations I expect a long journey. I have got a busy night before me getting rations for men and horses. I shall of course write whenever I can.

November 4, 1914.

I have at last arrived at the 'front.' For the last thirty-six hours we have journeyed here in a train full of remounts. My four horses were in a large truck and filled half of it. Lacey, Donelly, and I occupied the other half. At Rouen I bought a small lamp for $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ and a litre of petrol. Also bread, butter, and *vin rouge*. We cooked some jolly good bacon on our little stove, and thoroughly enjoyed the whole journey. I washed the horses' noses with disinfectant constantly, as there is a very bad form of cold that the animals get here. In spite of this Cigar arrived with an awful cold, coughing and wheezing. I collared a horse out of the remounts in his place—rather by fraud I am afraid, and sent him back by a train of sick horses that was leaving 'Karlbrad' as I arrived.

My stud now is Boy Battle, a nice short-tailed bay that I ride, Nancy, a jolly bay cob, just like our old Nancy. I have as pack horse Dorando, a skinny black that Donelly loves, and Butter Ball, a fat pale chestnut that Lacey rides. I have been quite unable to get any orders at all—no one knows anything about me here, but I have found out where the Composite Regiment is and I am going to ride out to them to-morrow morning.

They seem to be spending their time in trenches,

so I won't get much riding. This morning they took a town by assault with the bayonet, the first time cavalry have ever done so. I hear —— is missing. Please never repeat any casualty I mention unless I say it is certain, as these unofficial rumours that get about are so cruel.

The French people have been perfectly charming to me, though the behaviour of many of our people in return has really horrified me. To-day we got here late and only got to our billets after dark. The stable was dark and I went to borrow a lantern from Madame, who was in a wash-house surrounded by a dozen other women and girls. She said that she had given a lantern to some English the day before and they had not returned it, and this discouraged her from giving me one. I answered that the English were lending their lives and a lantern was a small exchange. This somewhat bombastic speech had the amazing result of making the whole room cheer, and Madame, blushing hotly, insisted on giving me *two* lanterns and carrying them herself.

I have a most comfortable billet here, and to-morrow I start at 6 A.M. with my faithful henchmen to find either the Compos or the Blues, or anyone who can give me accurate information. We are in the best of health and spirits.

November 6, 1914.

. . . The country here is very ugly, it is a rolling plain, but the rolls here are much larger and flatter than any downs in England. The whole thing is light plough-land, small fences, all wired, and large ditches, rather like Essex; here and there the gaunt naked poles of vineyards stand; all the roads are made with *pavé*, which is the worst possible going for cavalry. We are all very fit and well. . . . The weather is as warm as summer, but there has been a thick white mist all to-day. . . .

Yesterday I came out of my first battle. I have written a full account of it to R——. We did no good at all, never fired, but were simply a target for the German big guns; we were very lucky in having only half a dozen casualties. I expected to be frightened, or thrilled, or flurried; as a matter of fact I was bored to tears. The only interesting thing was to watch the German shells burning a large farm a hundred yards behind us. We sat in the trenches for forty-eight hours. Don't picture us as suffering hardships; we have any amount of food, smokes, papers, and everything. Of course we have a good deal of discomfort, but nothing really to complain of. . . . The battle seems to

have reached a sort of stalemate, and I see no prospect of any real cavalry work, nothing but the dull trench work. It is rather interesting to watch the Germans trying to shell our airships, they never get near them. I want more boots. . . .

November 10, 1914.

Here is an account of my first battle, you may gather some tips from it. We were ordered to relieve some troops in the advanced trench. We rode about six miles, then dismounted, leaving some men with the horses, and walked about five miles to the trenches.

As we went through the first village, we got heavily shelled by the famous Black Marias ; they make a noise just like an express train and burst like a clap of thunder, you hear them coming for ten seconds before they burst. It was very unpleasant, and you need to keep a hold on yourself to prevent ducking—most of the men duck.

Most of the shells hit the roofs, but one burst in the road in front of me, killing one man and wounding four or five. However, once we got out of the village they stopped, and we arrived at the trenches in the dark of the evening. We filed quietly into them and waited in the darkness. We stayed there two days and nights, being shelled most of the time. The German trenches were about 1600 yards away, with Maxim guns. They never showed their noses by daylight, and the guns were miles away. We never fired a shot all the time. They only once hit the trench, wounding two men, but about fifty shells pitched within a few yards. They set fire to a large

farm a hundred yards behind us that made a glorious blaze. The Frenchmen on our right and left kept up intermittent bursts of rifle-fire. This did no good and gave away the position of their trenches, so they got more shelled than we did. We have now come out and are billeted in a farm ten miles behind the trenches. We had dozens of guns behind our trenches, but they seemed to have little or no effect on keeping down the German fire. Now about tips.—Dig, never mind if the men are tired, always dig. Make trenches as narrow as possible, with no parapet if possible; dig them in groups of eight or ten men, and join up later, leave large traverses. Once you have got your deep narrow trench you can widen out the bottom, but don't hollow out too much as a Maria shakes the ground for a hundred yards and will make the whole thing fall in. Don't allow any movement or heads to show, or any digging or going to the rear in the daytime. All that can be done at night or in the mists of morning that are heavy and last till 8 or 9 A.M. Always carry wire and always put wire forty yards in front of the trench, not more. One trip wire will do if you have no time for more. The Germans often rush at night and the knowledge of wire gives the men confidence. Don't shoot unless you have a first-rate target, and don't ever shoot from the trenches at aeroplanes—remember that

the whole thing is concealment, and then again concealment. Never give the order 'fire' without stating the number of rounds, as otherwise you will never stop them again; you can't be too strict about this in training. On the whole I don't think gun-fire is alarming, but from what I see of others it has an awfully wearing effect on the nerves after a time. Anyhow, I'm out with no worse than a cold in the nose.

November 13, 1914.

I got a letter from you, E——, and D—— yesterday ; this is the first news I have had from home. . . . We are taking part in a most amazing battle : we are holding a **V** that sticks out into the German lines ; the result is that we have two fronts facing different ways and shells come from all directions ; this means that we can't get our horses away, but by amazing luck they have not been shelled yet. We have any amount of horses and very little for them to do ; all our fighting is in these beastly trenches, forty-eight hours at a time and up to your knees in water. It is not cold but horrid wet ; we have any amount of food, but occasional small packets of chocolate, tinned tongue, potted meat, etc.—not sardines or anything messy—are welcome. I hope you got my letter asking for walking boots, size eight, hobnailed—otherwise I am fairly well off for everything. The first thing we learn here is to forget about ' Glory.' Your regiment is no good when it is dead, and your job is to retire rather than to be wiped out ; only you must warn troops on your flanks : do it quietly and do it in time. . . . We have a new gun, a 9.2 Howitzer—they call it ' mother '—that has for the first time coped with the Germans. But the truth is that these high angle guns are useless against each other, but all right against houses or men

(worse luck). We get some pretty good fun all the same and repeat every joke a hundred times. Last night we were sleeping in a lean-to behind a barn full of men. As I was crawling over the men I stepped on a face, and a weary voice muttered, 'This is a blooming fine game played slow.' And after a very long march a man was heard saying to his very rough horse, 'You're no blooming Rolls Royce, I give you my word.' In our mess we never allow any mention of anything depressing; it is awful to go into some other mess and hear nothing but 'Do you remember poor So-and-so?' Another thing we learn is to avoid 'brave men,' the ass who 'does not mind bullets,' walks about and only draws fire that knocks over better men than himself. You might also send me some paper and envelopes. Mark the boots 'uniform, urgent.' We expected a devil of a fight to-day, but the Germans seem to have wearied a bit, and things look like calming down a bit. I do most earnestly hope we do not advance; there seems no point in gaining a few miles of Belgium at the cost of countless lives, as we have no chance of really beating the Germans here, and if we hold on the Russians may win for us. Personally I am full of confidence that, given a fair trench and plenty of ammunition, nothing can shift our squadron unless a Black Maria happens to do us in, as no trench is any good against them; we think

nothing of shrapnel now, if we can get trenches—it is beastly in the open.

We are given the day off, now I am going to wash—I have not even washed my hands for three days.

November 22, 1914.

I wrote you a long letter two days ago, but as the place I wrote from was shelled out of existence soon after, I doubt if you will ever get it.¹ Well, here we are in reserve at last ; we have had a pretty rough time and finished up with two days and three nights in the trenches. It was bitterly cold and snowed hard the last night. The trenches were in a sandy soil and great stretches of them collapsed when each shell burst, and the men had to struggle out of the ruins under a hail from two maxims at 100 yards' range. Our trenches were about 200 yards from the Germans, but they had snipers and maxims in some ruined farms between the lines. I have never seen shelling so bad as we had—but luckily our Squadron had spent all night in digging alternative trenches, so we had far fewer casualties than the others. What annoys one here is the man-from-home who is 'not afraid of shells' ; no one is afraid of shells any more than of fireworks, but when you have seen a dozen men blown into cat's-meat, you learn a considerable respect for their results. I had to do a good deal of first-aid. As we have no water in the trenches I carry iodine, and each man has an antiseptic bandage ; it is a horrid job. We can't move from the trench till dark, and the men hit in the morning have to lie still all day in the bitter cold. They are as brave

¹ Never received.

as possible. Although the shells were so bad that the mere concussion finally made one sick and dizzy, and we prayed for another German rush to get a moment's peace from the bombardment, our men behaved too splendidly for words. Our greatest trouble is water ; none in the country can be used without filtering or boiling, and after twenty-four hours the supply we carry into the trenches is used up. We have now marched back twenty-five miles and are resting in a large and comfortable farm. I hear that we are likely to be here a week and then move to another part of the line, but still in reserve, I think. The ground is covered with snow and the roads are so frozen that no horses can move on them. Our food supply is wonderful, since the retreat from Mons we have never had our rations more than one day late. All we lack are the little luxuries that make all the difference. Boots, torches, cigarettes, knife, etc., have arrived safely ; also more towels than I need, as I only wash about once a week ! Thank you very much for all the things. They were all just what I wanted. You might send some extra globes, as well as refills, for the torches. I don't want a compass ; I have one which I hardly ever use. . . . We are only four miles from an unshelled town. I am going to try to get a bath there to-morrow. It will feel strange to buy something again. If we stay here I shall write lots of letters.

November 27, 1914.

. . . All officers should know how to stop an artery in any part. As there can be no appliances and it is often impossible to move, little first-aid can be done, but iodine and stopping bleeding are essential. I advise all to carry some pain-deadening pills, as a man screaming will shake a company's nerves more than shells. However bad a man may be never allow him to be taken from the trench by daylight unless he can be moved under cover. It is absolutely wrong to risk sound men if it can be avoided by waiting until dusk.

Usually the men are lazy about digging at first, but after a little shelling they are all the other way, and it is most important that you prevent them digging the trench so deep that they can't fire out of it. There is some doubt as to the best way of meeting an attack, some still advising the men to get out of the trench and meet it with the bayonet. I think these are the people who have not tried getting out of a trench in a hurry; the men get out at different times, some one side, some the other. If they know for certain that they will never get the order to get out, they will continue to shoot steadily till the last moment. As a matter of fact, you have lots of time to get out when the Germans get in, as they are very bad hand-to-hand, and

always attack at night, so if you have to run they don't usually hit many, and they never pursue. Always carry lots of ammunition to the trenches: you may not want it for months, but when you *do* you will find 200 rounds don't go far. You will usually take over trenches at night; don't in the confusion forget to ask the chap you relieve—

1. Where the supporting trench is.
2. Exactly who is on your flanks, and where.
3. Where the dressing station is.
4. If any water is to be had, and where.
5. If you have wire in front of you; and if you have not, you must have half of the men standing to arms all night.

If you hear tremendous fusilades going on it will probably be yeomen or French: don't stand to arms without real need. A good regiment will be in the trenches for days and hardly fire a shot, a bad one will have bursts of rapid once an hour. Well, old boy, I wish you every kind of luck. Another hint.—Do not, however great the temptation, allow straw in the firing trenches (have it in the supports of course), nothing gives the show away so. The other day I found my trench lined with nice warm straw pallets. We were shelled like hell, but in the night I had all the straw carried out and put in a line 200 yards behind us. They shelled this line of straw all day and never touched us.

We are still resting. I believe the real reason is that both sides have run out of big gun ammunition. I'm awfully glad you are doing so well, old boy; who knows, the —— and the —— may bring off one of these stirring charges that the papers talk about, but which have never happened.

December 6, 1914.

There is no news of battle here and we are still resting. It was pretty rough coming over. We were met by motor buses, that took about four hours to get to the town here. When we arrived it was 11 P.M., and I was determined to avoid carrying those saddle-bags for four miles, so I raided the Divisional Headquarters, and after some chat, I managed to borrow a staff motor. Really the shops are too bad. I bought six enamel mugs before I left and we have just found that one of them leaks and has been painted over to hide it. . . .

December 13, 1914.

My eyes are nearly all right again, but I will have them seen to next time I am at home in case they play up again. I have been full of ailments as a tooth started aching, but I have had that stopped. There is something very civilised about having a tooth stopped in the middle of a campaign, isn't there? Word has come that we are to move to-morrow. We are beginning to suffer from ennui here, and I think most of us would be glad to be up and doing again, but if we are only changing billets I shall be very sorry to leave my farm. My old couple are perfect dears, and the children almost wept when I told them I was off. We have made considerable progress in each other's languages, and we sit round and discuss farming conditions and the war and our respective countries far into the night. The only embarrassment is caused by Madame, who appears with cups of coffee at any and every hour, and is deeply offended if I do not drink them. . . . There is absolutely no news whatever here; the only occurrence of any sort was that I was returning across the fields to my billet in the dark and I fell into the canal. My horses, my henchmen, and myself are all well.

December 22, 1914.

This is only a line that the post may smile at you, dear.

I am going to get home next Tuesday, or possibly even on Monday, for a whole week. All is well and other news after this is unimportant.

January 8, 1915.

Nothing happens here of any interest to others. The fact that —— has returned is of great importance to me. We ride over the fences every single afternoon together, then he has tea with me at my billet, and we talk and play draughts and read Browning until it is time for me to splash over the fields to dinner and dull reality. . . .

I think Browning is the perfect poet for lovers—he does not write about love as if it was a fever of the youthful which most people do, and he delights in the little cosy prettinesses of his lady without being fulsome or sticky. His sense of humour exactly tickles me, and I love his sudden rough unexpectedness ; but why I should drivel on with such obvious criticism I don't know. Tell —— to read ' A Woman's Last Word,' and —— ' The Confessions,' not either for any other reason than that I think they would like them. . . .

January 13, 1915.

I'm coming home again. This is the Week-End War with a vengeance. I will get home on February 1, I think. They have split the regiment into four lots for leave, and we go a quarter at a time, so I may get a week in March as well if we have not begun fighting then. — is taking this letter for me. Please send me a lot of small boxes of safety matches—a sudden famine of matches has set in.

No present ever had a greater success than the box of toys—the elephant and the crackers in particular—the children had never seen a toy elephant, and the innumerable questions as to its size, habits, etc., severely tested my French vocabulary.

'Chesterton' is with me, and delights me, I have not yet reached 'Conclusion'—but the other things you marked are perfect. He prints chuckles—how he must love doing it. Thank my D. for congratulations and much appreciated magazines. Could you order me two Association footballs and two spare bladders as we are running short of them? I have a most variegated eye as a result of the last game. This is a very 'wanting' letter, but it bears my love.

January 16, 1915.

I think I shall certainly get back on the 29th of this month. There is no news at all. I have just read 'Sesame and Lilies.' I like the language, but I think the rest a little obvious ; such I suppose is bound to be the case as he is putting a case that I have long embraced. I am losing interest in the philosophers, I think—I agree or not as the case may be, but none of them really tell me *how* to be anything, only *what* to be—that I already know—the answer is 'good and wise.'

I am trying to make a plan by which—— and—— will come and live at my farm ; as it is they always have tea with me, and others usually turn up too : it is now a recognised 'social centre.'

I want lots of things such as chessmen, a new torch and refills, etc., but if you sent them they would only arrive just before I leave for England when I can get them myself.

January 21, 1915.

I am slightly squashed and in hospital as a result of a fall over wire. I was rather knocked out yesterday and they carried me in here—now they are trying to send me to the Base to be X-rayed. . . . The doctor tried hard to send me by a train just gone, but luckily Lacey had just taken my soiled clothes away and had not returned with clean ones—my frenzied protests at being sent off with nothing but R. B.'s poems and a suit of ——'s pyjamas to a destination unknown were successful. However, my position is precarious, and I am contemplating flight when my clothes arrive. . . . I have had *some* smashes, so I know what I'm talking about when I say that I'm pretty sure I'm all right. My future plans are very much in air at the moment. I will write as soon as I know what the next move is.

January 22, 1915.

I am writing this in the semi-darkness of a very jolty train on my way to Boulogne to be X-rayed. I am quite sure I'm not broken anywhere, only a bit stiff and sore, so I shall probably be back with the regiment in three or four days ; if by any chance I have crocked something, I will probably get sent to England. I will let you know my address as soon as I know it.

January 29, 1915.

I am writing this from our new billets, fairly comfortable but not a patch on the old ones, but to meet another like my dear Madame Le Verrier would be too much to expect. We go to the trenches on Wednesday for ten days, and we take no baggage at all. I shall put on all the clothes it is possible to wear and will carry extra socks and gloves. If you can send off a parcel by return of post it will reach us in the trenches—what I shall want is two pairs of socks, two pairs warmest gloves, some cigarettes, and some chocolate. . . . I'm a bit stiff, but all right again.

February 7, 1915.

We are still in the trenches : on Monday night we come out and go to — as a reserve. We will be there five days and I expect we shall return to our billets after that and I shall get a week's leave ; this means I shall be in England on the 16th or 17th. — is largely ruined and shell fire makes it undesirable as a residence, so we will really be quite sorry to leave these trenches. We have erected rabbit wire to keep out the bombs, but have lost some men from the continual shooting through each other's loop-holes at this point-blank range. The Germans blow half a sandbag away each time, so we have to be continually rebuilding them. Also there is continual sapping and counter-sapping (listening to the German diggers getting nearer at night is pretty thrilling), but no very serious fighting. I have not had a moment all day to write.

February 22, 1915.

I am safely back to billets after a perfectly horrid journey. We crossed on a flat calm, with all lights out, and had to wait three hours at Boulogne station; eventually at 1 A.M. we got a train that arrived here at 5.30 A.M.; it was bitterly cold. To-day — and I rode over to my late billet, and my dear Madame Le Verrier gave us a royal welcome. . . . Six officers and 160 men are standing by to reinforce at a moment's notice—I am one of them. Unless something unforeseen happens, we do not go to the trenches again till March 6. A notice has just come round to ask if any captains or subalterns will give their names to be attached to the Foot Guards at the front. Of course I have sent in my name. I think there is a possibility that they may send me to England or perhaps to St. Omer for a few weeks' training before I join them. Anyway, if I am taken it will be splendid, as while remaining a Blue I shall fight with the flower of our army, and if there is one corps who does things it is the Foot Guards—amongst them the tradition is that officers return to the fight with wounds half healed, and some have been hit two or three times, I believe. I don't suppose I shall hear about going though for some time.

March 12, 1915.

People out here seem to think that the war is going to be quite short, why, I don't know; personally, I see nothing here to prevent it going on for ever. We never attack the Germans, and simply do our utmost to maintain ourselves; when we seem to advance it is really that the Germans have evacuated the place. Some one once said that war was utter boredom for months interspersed by moments of acute terror—the boredom is a fact. . . . Except for a belt of about twelve miles where the battle is being waged, the whole country shows hardly a sign of war. In many places the inhabitants return the day after the battle. . . . We have had a lot of fighting all in trenches and look like having more. . . . The other day we were evacuating some trenches and the question was if we could cross a piece of much-shelled ground safely—i.e., Was it under direct observation of their gunners? 'Send on one troop and see' was the order. I was first, and I saw the men's faces look rather long. I had no cigarettes, so I took a ration biscuit in one hand and a lump of cheese in the other and retired eating these in alternate mouthfuls to 'restore confidence.' We escaped without a shell, but I almost choked myself! It looks to me as if we shall have a busy time now. . . .

March 14, 1915.

To-day I overheard the following from an N.C.O. to three recruits. He had been told to increase their *esprit de corps* by anecdotes and references.

' 'Ave you ever 'eard tell o' the Black Prince? No?—Well you *are* ignorant blighters! 'E was a cove what rode about in armour, 'eavy cavalry 'e was, and 'e licked the French. Well, a pal o' 'is was St. George wat 'as 'is birthday to-morrow: 'e's the cove as I want to tell you about. Never 'eard tell of 'im? Why, look at the back of 'arf a quid. There you see 'im sitting on a nanimale a-fighting of a dragon. You will note as 'is thigh is in the c'rect position—but 'is toe is too depressed—don't forget as the sole of the foot is to be kept parallel to the ground—however, 'e was fighting of a dragon which accounts for it. Well, this 'ere St. George is the patron Saint of cavalry, and don't yer forget it. What's that? What is a patron saint? Now none of your back answers 'ere, my lad, or you and me will fall out. Carry on!'

March 15, 1915.

All goes on restlessly but uneventfully. Continual fighting goes on along the line and we are ordered out and ordered back continually, but nothing comes of it all.

I have just been reading the views of Christopher sent me by E. . . . He is sometimes a little overpowered by the length of his own lineage, often a little crude, but really rather refreshing. He has some rather interesting pages on Christ as a gentleman. He leans towards the revival of duelling, the point of honour, etc., and says if you hear certain things said about a man you know, you should either disbelieve and deny them or believe them and thrash your acquaintance for being a cad. I did not quite understand if you were to thrash him with a view to improving him, or to relieve yourself, or simply for an abstract affection for beating, but it seems to me that most punishment leaves this question unanswered. He and Wells agree on one point that I love—if politics are a dirty game it is up to you to clean them, not to avoid them.

March 16, 1915.

All is quiet again here, and I think there is every prospect of leave beginning again—if so, my turn is three weeks after it begins. I am bankrupt of literature, so if you find any interesting lives of people in cheap editions you might send them to me. . . . Send me anything that interests you except philosophy—I don't think I care much for philosophers just now—they only tell you how you should live—well, I could do that myself—the only difficulty is doing it. Also I never met a philosopher who gave useful advice on the real conundrums of life—I mean 'And what should A do then?' sort. . . .

April 26, 1915.

This is a baby letter actually written in battle, Lord knows when it will be posted. . . . I will write to you again when we finish this fight.

We have just been moved up in support of the Canadians and may go into the line any time—a whole brigade of us is sitting by the road awaiting orders.

‘ Saddle up ’ has come—we are off.

April 29, 1915.

For five days we have been riding round a most hotly contested battle, occasionally taking part—we have only lost half a dozen men and the crisis seems to be over.

The Canadians have done a very fine thing which is most satisfactory, also they are becoming more disciplined. The other day one of them said: 'Our chaps are all right, our rifle is a good one, the grub is first-rate, and our officers—oh, well, we just take them along as mascots!'

I am writing this in a farm a few miles back where we are in reserve. It is a most glorious spring evening, the air is heavy with the scent of bursting buds, and a great fat harvest-moon is roosting on the barn. It seems almost impossible to believe that the continuous rumble of distant thunder is caused by those damned guns.

The trooper is a curious animal—he will watch shells bursting 200 yards from him with perfect equanimity as rather adding interest to the view—then one comes really close and he huddles down miserably. Personally a shell within 200 yards impresses me as much as one at my feet. Another amazing and fortunate thing is the shortness of his memory—his best friend dies in agony at his side, and it depresses him for half an hour.

Everyone has been much too busy to do anything about it this week, but almost immediately after things settle down I expect to be a foot guard—Coldstream or Scots, I think.¹

The latest joke on the front is to call the cavalry the M.P.'s because they sit and do nothing.

¹ He was gazetted to the Scots Guards on May 15, two days after he fell in action in a charge of the Royal Horse Guards near Ypres, May 13, 1915.

Sir John French's Dispatch.—The second Battle of Ypres, from 'The Times' of Monday, July 12, 1915

THE HEAVIEST BOMBARDMENT

On May 13, the various reliefs having been completed without incident, the heaviest bombardment yet experienced broke out at 4.30 A.M., and continued with little intermission throughout the day. At about 7.45 A.M. the Cavalry Brigade astride the railway, having suffered very severely, and their trenches having been obliterated, fell back about 800 yards. The North Somerset Yeomanry, on the right of the Brigade, although also suffering severely, hung on to their trenches throughout the day, and actually advanced and attacked the enemy with the bayonet. The Brigade on its right also maintained its position; as did also the Cavalry Division, except the left squadron which, when reduced to sixteen men, fell back. The 2nd Essex Regiment, realising the situation, promptly charged and retook the trench, holding it till relieved by the Cavalry. *Meanwhile a counter-attack by two Cavalry Brigades was launched at 2.30 P.M., and succeeded, in spite of very heavy shrapnel and rifle fire, in regaining the original line of trenches, turning out the Germans who had*

entered it, and in some cases pursuing them for some distance. But a very heavy shell fire was again opened on them, and they were again compelled to retire to an irregular line in rear, principally the craters of shell holes. The enemy in their counter-attack suffered very severe losses.

From Major Lord Tweedmouth, R.H.G., to Lord St. Davids, May 24, 1915

‘Your boy’s death was a great loss to the Army; he was gallant to a degree and was hit directing his men after he had led them into the trench. He was extraordinarily keen and energetic and a first-class officer. I assure you, you have the sympathy of all the regiment with you in your distress.’

From Captain Lord Northampton, R.H.G.

‘I had a great admiration for Colwyn: he had exceptional courage—physical and moral—and nothing could ever deviate him from what he believed to be right. He had made some very firm friendships in the regiment, and we all feel his loss very keenly.’

Extracts from Letters of Brother Officers :

‘ Colwyn fell in action in an attack on the German trenches. His end was worthy of his life, as he was the first man in the trenches and killed five Germans before he was shot at close quarters and instantly killed. The whole regiment is ringing with his gallantry.’

‘ As far as I can remember Colwyn was giving view-halloos as we advanced and shouting “ Come on, boys,” and waving his cap. The last I saw of him was when he was on his knees, in front of us and facing us, waving his cap and shouting, “ Come on, boys.” Every time I looked at him he was cheering the men on.’

‘ He fell early in the afternoon of the 13th, but I didn’t know till night time that the bravest man I ever met was dead.’

From a Trooper, R.H.G., May 18, 1915

‘ The regiment entered the reserve trenches, almost on the outskirts of Ypres, on the night of the 12th, relieving the Middlesex Regiment. We proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as

we could, but about half-past two we were all disturbed by the Brigade Major ordering us all to move well along to our right, to allow a returned party of Essex Yeomanry from trench digging to get under cover. After awhile we were somehow squeezed into the dug-outs again; it was pouring with rain, and at about 4 o'clock at the break of day the German Artillery commenced a violent bombardment. We still remained inactive despite the heavy firing. At about 6-8 A.M. (it was so hard to tell the time) we could see our people retiring in small batches from the second line of trenches, and when they reached our trenches we found they were the Life Guards, clean blown from the trenches and dug-outs and without a semblance of cover. After a short while Captain Bowlby, the Squadron Commander, called the Life Guards together, and they got back towards the firing line. All this time Captain Philipps was with us. I was in his troop. He was amusing himself by passing a loaf of stale bread and a tin of meat to Mr. Ward Price, and he told me to send the message that the kidneys were spoilt by cooking too much. He was as usual in the best of spirits, and always on the look out. At about 10 o'clock we all made a move to our immediate right, I should think $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles under shrapnel and bullet fire. Passing a large farm we were roughly called together and advanced

in single file with a few casualties, then we had to extend again as shrapnel was getting thick. Finally we reached the dug-outs held by the 1st Royal Dragoons. It was a complete cavalry movement acting as infantry. All this time we were receiving a terrible fire from the artillery. Most of us got into the remnants of the dug-outs, as the trenches in front were completely filled in by Jack Johnsons and were quite flat. At this time I was in conversation with Captain Philipps, who was explaining to me that to our left from 200 to 300 yards of the line was not held. I asked Captain Philipps what he expected to happen if the Germans got to know this, and he replied that he felt sure they knew but were too chicken-hearted to attack. Just at that moment he was showing me a Catholic medal picked up at Ypres. We suddenly had an order to stand to and he slipped away without the medal.

‘From this moment commenced the most awful shell fire that God ever has allowed. We were ordered to advance. By clambering over the dug-outs we reached open ground affording excellent targets to the Germans. Captain Philipps inquired where Captain Bowlby was, and I told him I had seen him climb over just previously. Captain Philipps shouted to get over as quickly as possible and follow him. He climbed over and ran a distance

of about thirty yards and then spread flat quite unhurt. I ran behind about half the distance. It is really impossible to give you the faintest idea of what was happening, it was as if we were in a terrific hailstorm, only lead instead of hail. Everything had been prepared on their front and we were not prepared. They had their machine-guns simply dealing out for all they were worth, and the artillery had the range beforehand. Seeing Captain Philipps to my front I got up to be as near as I could, knowing it would be a charge in a few seconds. I wanted to get a crowd together to support each other, and besides I had my Colt repeater which was useless to me as my rifle took all my time using, and I wanted to give it to Captain Philipps instead of his sword. In the morning he had been inspecting the Colt and told me to get hold of a German officer and pinch his cartridges. Those were his words. However, on rising to rush forward I stopped one—it entered my thigh and passed right through. I dropped on the spot, and as I was dragged into a hedge and down an embankment I saw that our troops had all rushed forward again. This was the last I saw of Captain Philipps, and it was half-past two in the afternoon of the 13th. I crawled back towards Ypres, it taking me seven hours to do about three miles, and eventually I was picked up outside Ypres.'

From Major Basil Pares, R.A.M.C., R.H.G.

‘ Spending the autumn and winter in France with the regiment, I saw a good deal of Colwyn Philipps.

‘ A plucky horseman, he seemed to have much more than his share of accidents, but his keenness never allowed him to remain long out of the saddle. Last January—it seems only yesterday—he had a nasty fall riding across country, and I found him unconscious in a French farm and took him to hospital at Hazebrouck ; I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to go down to one of the Base hospitals in order to be X-rayed, as he had injured his back : he was so afraid of being sent home. He returned in a week or so, and was with the regiment again in the trenches in February, and I remember his cheery attitude there. When a sniper’s department was formed, he at once volunteered to take charge of it.

‘ Generous-hearted and plucky, now numbered in that glorious list, his name will not be forgotten.’

There is a healing magic in the night,
 The breeze blows cleaner than it did by day,
 Forgot the fever of the fuller light,
 And sorrow sinks insensibly away
 As if some saint a cool white hand did lay
 Upon the brow, and calm the restless brain.
 The moon looks down with pale unpassioned ray—
 Sufficient for the hour is its pain.
 Be still and feel the night that hides away earth's
 stain.

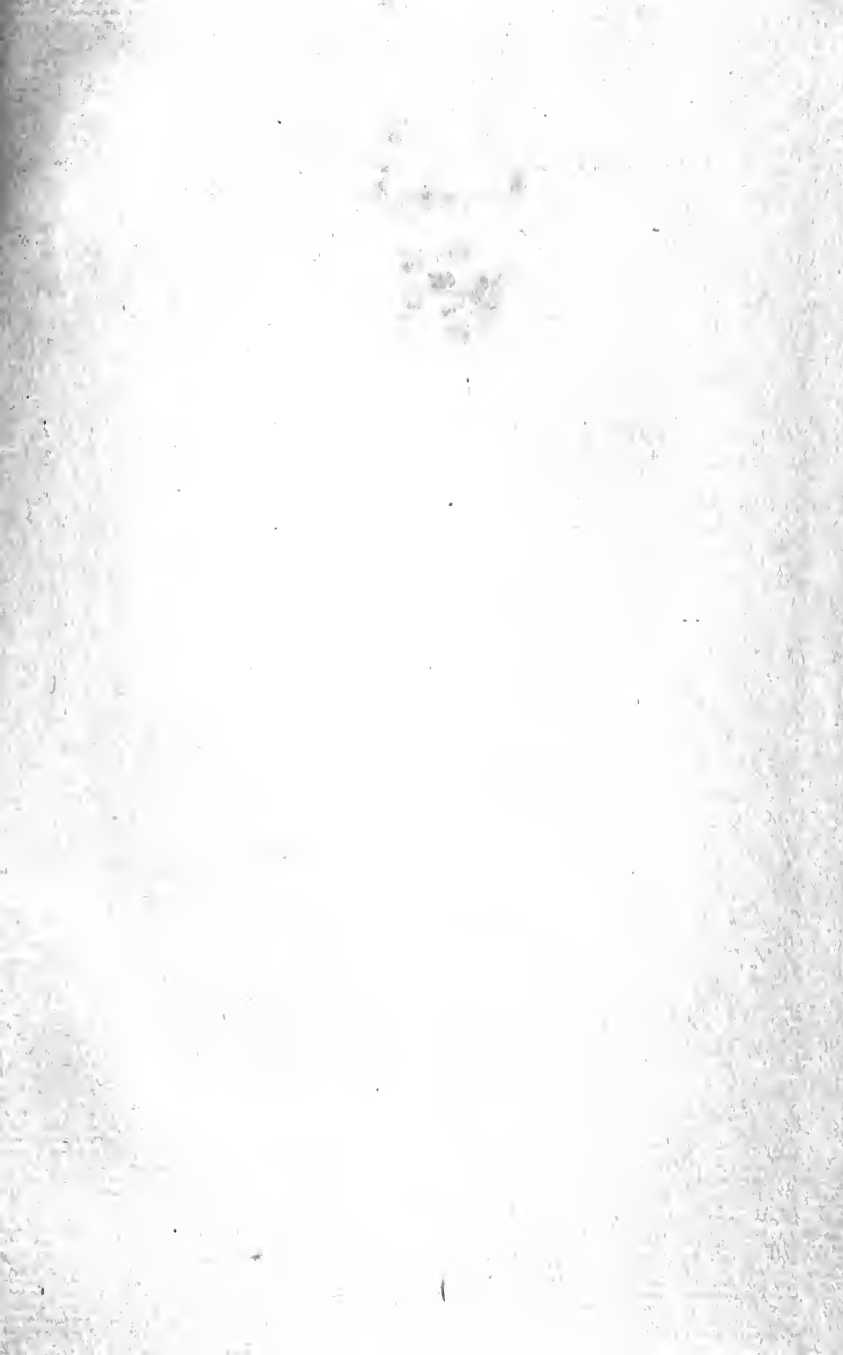
Be still and loose the sense of God in you,
 Be still and send your soul into the all,
 The vasty distance where the stars shine blue,
 No longer antlike on the earth to crawl.
 Released from time and sense of great or small
 Float on the pinions of the Night-Queen's wings;
 Soar till the swift inevitable fall
 Will drag you back into all the world's small
 things;
 Yet for an hour be one with all escapèd things.

*Found in his note-book
 when his kit came home.*

*Extract from the Vice-Chancellor's address at
Cambridge, October 1, 1915.*

Many and diverse were the hopes and expectations we had formed for them, but every one of these has been surpassed by the event. They have all been found capable of making the greatest denial of self that men can make ; they paid away their own life that the life of their fellows might be happy. To put into words the reverence that we owe to the young who have worked and suffered and died for us, is beyond my powers, but my heart follows our departed sons with confidence into that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them.

‘I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.’—*Phil.* i. 3.



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